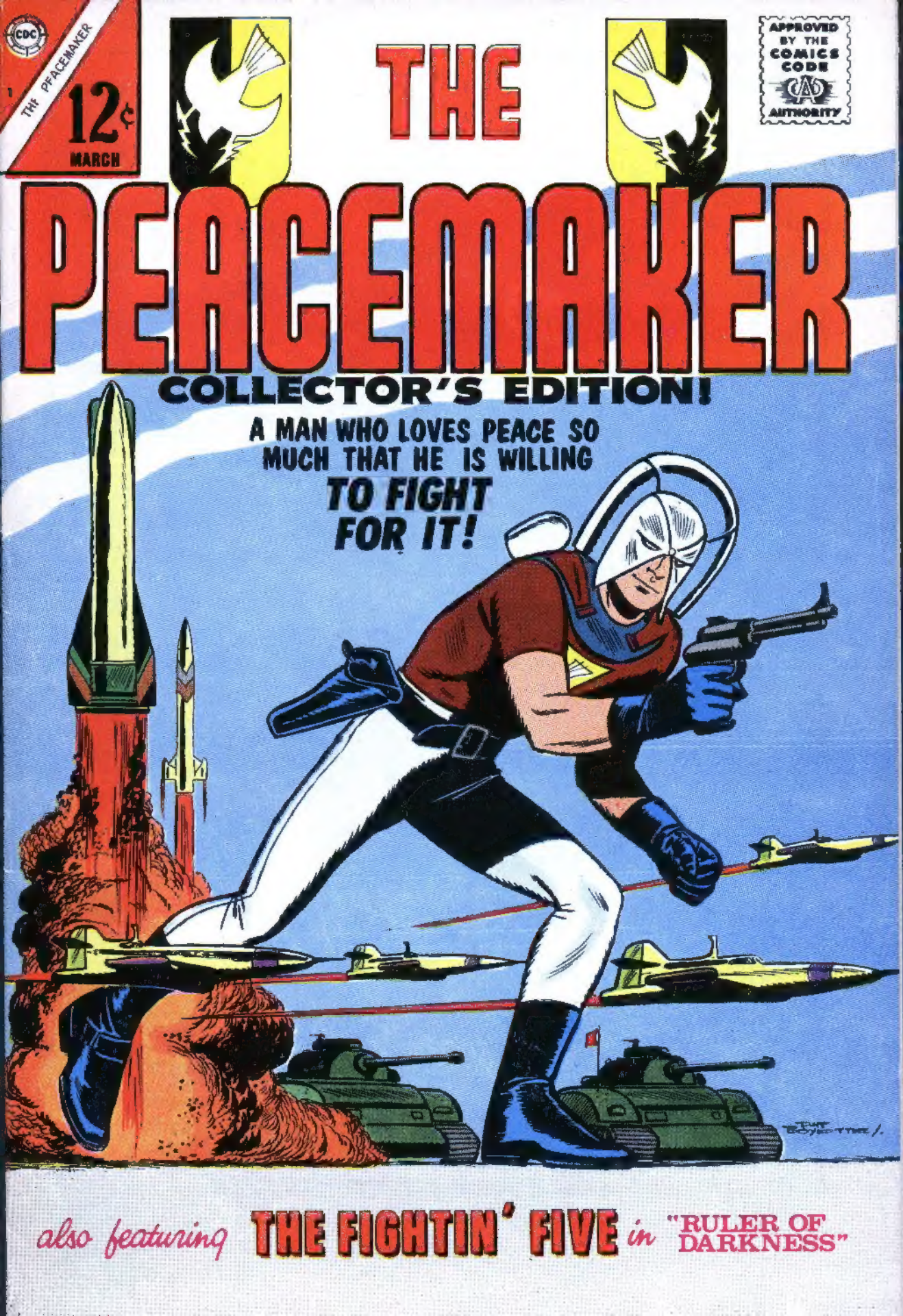

THE PFACEMAKER
12¢
MARCH
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE
PEACEMAKER
COLLECTOR'S EDITION!
A MAN WHO LOVES PEACE SO MUCH THAT HE IS WILLING TO FIGHT FOR IT!
also featuring THE FIGHTIN' FIVE in "RULER OF DARKNESS"

THIS IS ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE CAREER OF CHRISTOPHER SMITH, PEACE ENVOY AND DIPLOMAT...A MAN WHOSE ENTIRE LIFE IS DEDICATED TO THE ELIMINATION OF WAR BETWEEN MEN! A MAN WHO WILLINGLY RISKS HIS LIFE TO BANISH THE USE OF VIOLENCE...A MASTER OF THE WEAPONS HE PLEADS WITH THE WORLD TO LAY DOWN! CHRISTOPHER SMITH...WHOSE ALTER EGO IS.....

THE PEACEMAKER

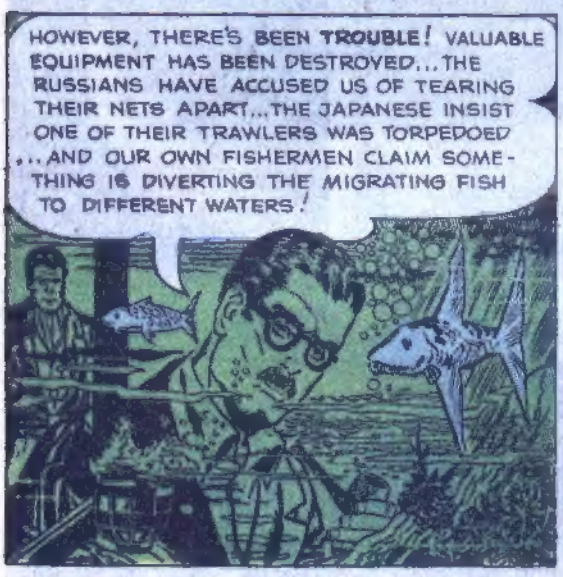
RUSSIAN FISHING FLEETS TODAY. FISH JUST OUTSIDE THE TWELVE MILE LIMIT OFF OUR SHORES. OUR FLEETS FISH FOR TUNA NEAR PERU...THE JAPANESE TAKE SALMON AND KING CRAB VERY CLOSE TO ALASKAN AND CANADIAN SHORES! THE GROWING BITTERNESS AND OCCASIONAL SABOTAGE BETWEEN THE MARITIME POWERS - LEADS 'THE PEACEMAKER' TO FACE A DEADLY, MYSTERIOUS ENEMY THAT LURKS IN THE DARK WATERS OF THE OPEN SEA...WE CALL HIM.....

THE KILLER ON THE REEF!

THE PEACEMAKER Vol. 3, No. 1, March 1967, published bimonthly by Charlton Comics Group at Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. 06418. Second Class postage paid at Derby, Conn. 06418.

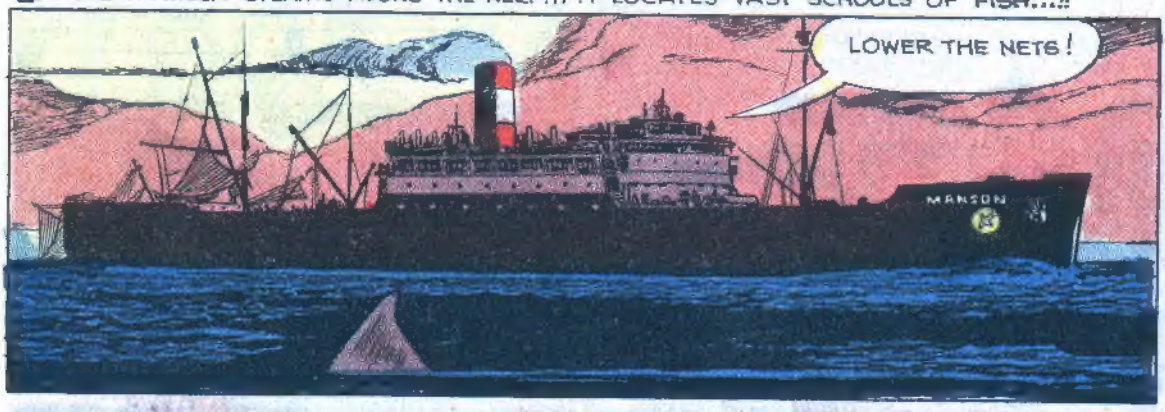
A NEW FISHING TRAWLER IS HEADING FOR THE FISHING GROUNDS... AND CHRISTOPHER SMITH GOES ABOARD TO LEARN WHAT HE CAN....

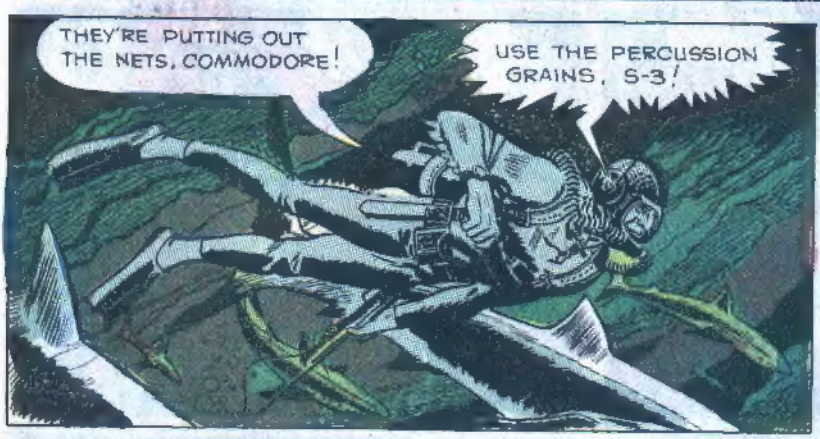
MR. BOYLE, AN INTERNATIONAL AUTHORITY ON MIGRATORY FISH, HAS BROAD KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE IN THE SEA!


HOWEVER, THERE'S BEEN **TROUBLE!** VALUABLE EQUIPMENT HAS BEEN DESTROYED... THE RUSSIANS HAVE ACCUSED US OF TEARING THEIR NETS APART... THE JAPANESE INSIST ONE OF THEIR TRAWLERS WAS TORPEDOED ...AND OUR OWN FISHERMEN CLAIM SOMETHING IS DIVERTING THE MIGRATING FISH TO DIFFERENT WATERS!

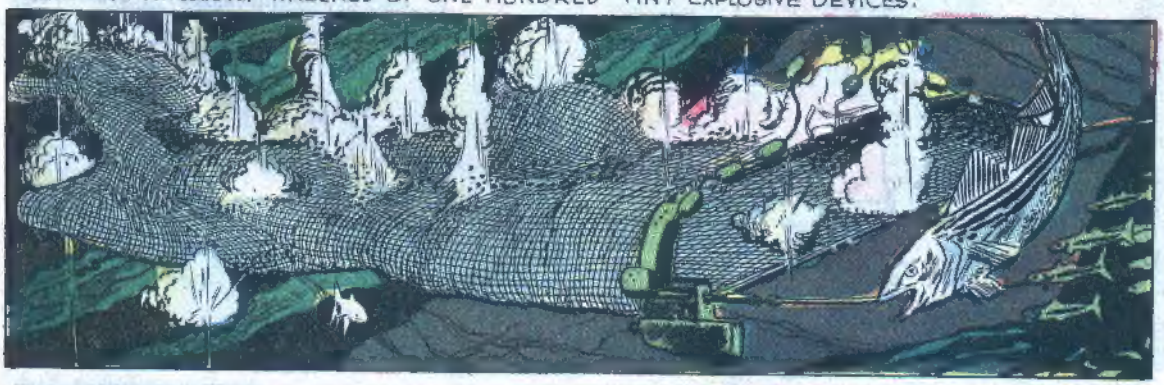
MILLIONS OF PEOPLE DEPEND ON THEIR CATCH FOR FOOD! WHAT'S BEHIND IT ALL?
A MALIGNANT FORCE, MR. SMITH! NOT AMERICAN, NOR RUSSIAN, NOR JAPANESE OR ANY ONE NATION!

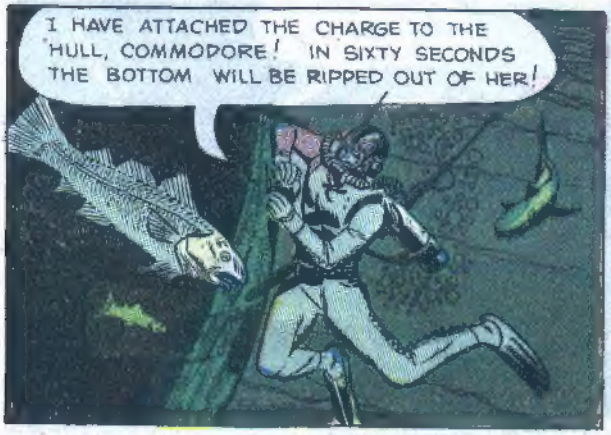
AS THE TRAWLER STEAMS ALONG THE REEF... IT LOCATES VAST SCHOOLS OF FISH...!!

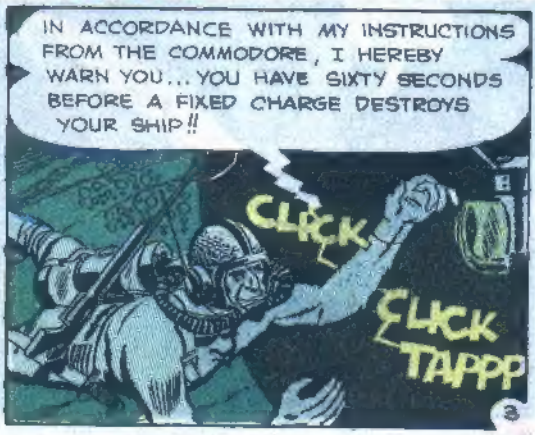




CRACKLING NOISES ARE HEARD BY THE SONAR OPERATOR IN THE TRAWLER ABOVE AS THE NEW NETS ARE HOPELESSLY WRECKED BY ONE HUNDRED TINY EXPLOSIVE DEVICES!

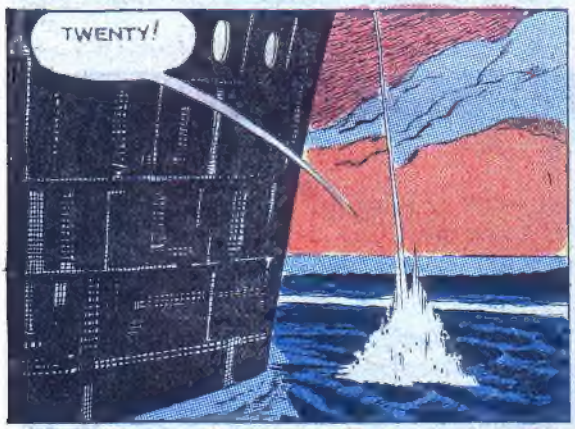





IN ACCORDANCE WITH MY INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE COMMODORE, I HEREBY WARN YOU... YOU HAVE SIXTY SECONDS BEFORE A FIXED CHARGE DESTROYS YOUR SHIP!!
CLICK
CLICK
TAPPP

..CHARGE DESTROYS YOUR SHIP!
THE COMMODORE! THAT'S THE NAME OF THE MURDERER WHO'S BEEN WRECKING NETS AND SINKING SHIPS!
EXCUSE ME GENTLEMEN!

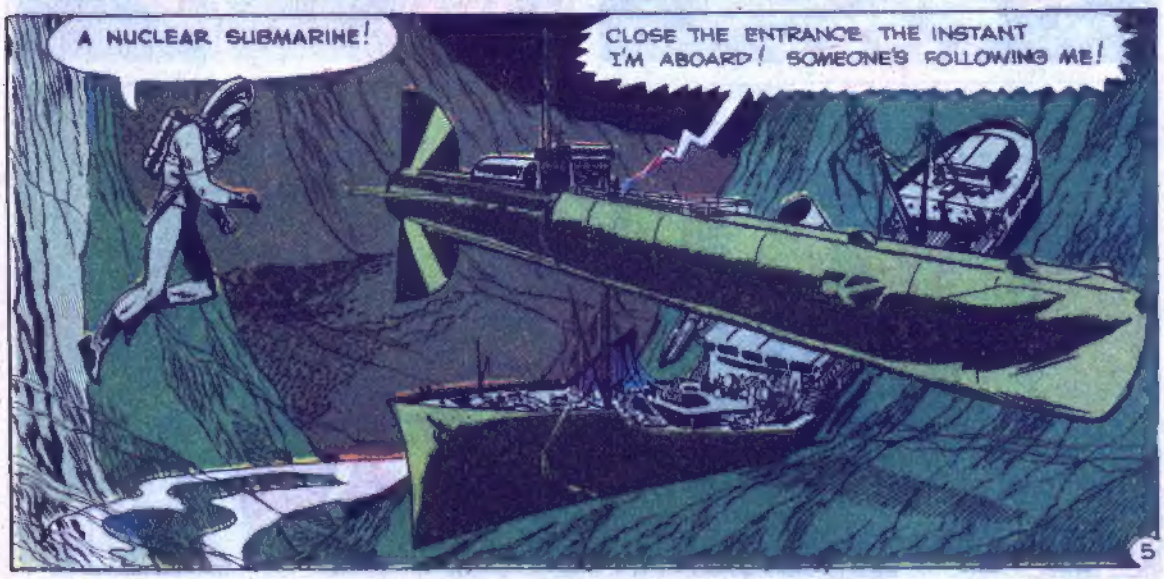
MR. SMITH, DIPLOMAT, CANNOT HELP NOW! IN SPLIT SECONDS THIS SHIP IS DOOMED..UNLESS...
'THE PEACEMAKER' MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING! FIFTY SECONDS LEFT.....



CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES

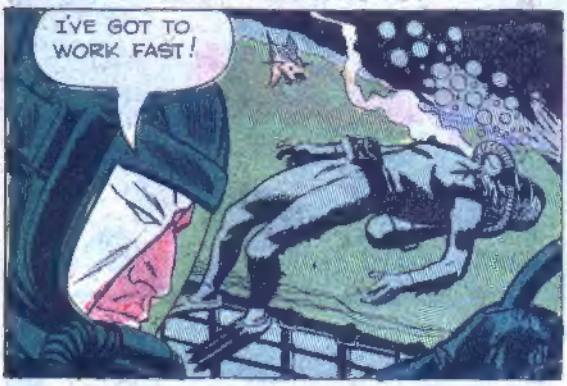
THE PEACEMAKER SWIMS DEEPER! HUGE SHARKS CONVERGE ON HIM...APPARENTLY OBEYING THE EERIE FROGMAN WHO BEGAN THE ATTACK ON THE TRAWLER!

THE JETS WHICH ENABLE PEACEMAKER TO HURTLE THROUGH AIR AT FANTASTIC SPEEDS ARE EQUALLY EFFECTIVE UNDER WATER..AND HE SHOOTS AWAY FROM THE PREDATORS! HE LEAVES THE EXPLOSIVES AMONG THEM,THOUGH!



'THE PEACEMAKER' USES FULL JETS TO REACH THE FROGMAN BEFORE HE ENTERS THE SUB..!!

THE FROGMAN, GROGGY- DRIFTS TOWARD THE BOTTOM..WHILE THE PEACEMAKER DECIDES HIS NEXT COURSE OF ACTION..!!



BUT..THE FUTURE SEEMS DIM AND BRIEF AS HE STEPS INTO THE MYSTERY SUB!

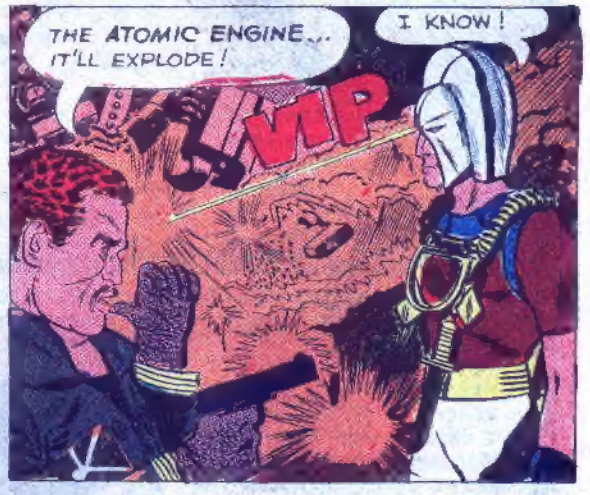
WHO ARE YOU? WAS IT YOU WHO INTERFERED WITH WHAT MY MAN ATTEMPTED JUST NOW?
I REMOVED THE EXPLOSIVE AND WITH IT... I DESTROYED SOME OF YOUR PET KILLERS!

YOU WERE FOOLISH, SIR! HAD YOU KEPT IT TO USE NOW AGAINST ME AND MY CREW....
I HAVE MORE POWERFUL EXPLOSIVES ON MY PERSON..AND THERE IS NO WAY FOR YOU TO TAKE THEM FROM ME! IF I AM TO DIE... YOU WILL DIE WITH ME!

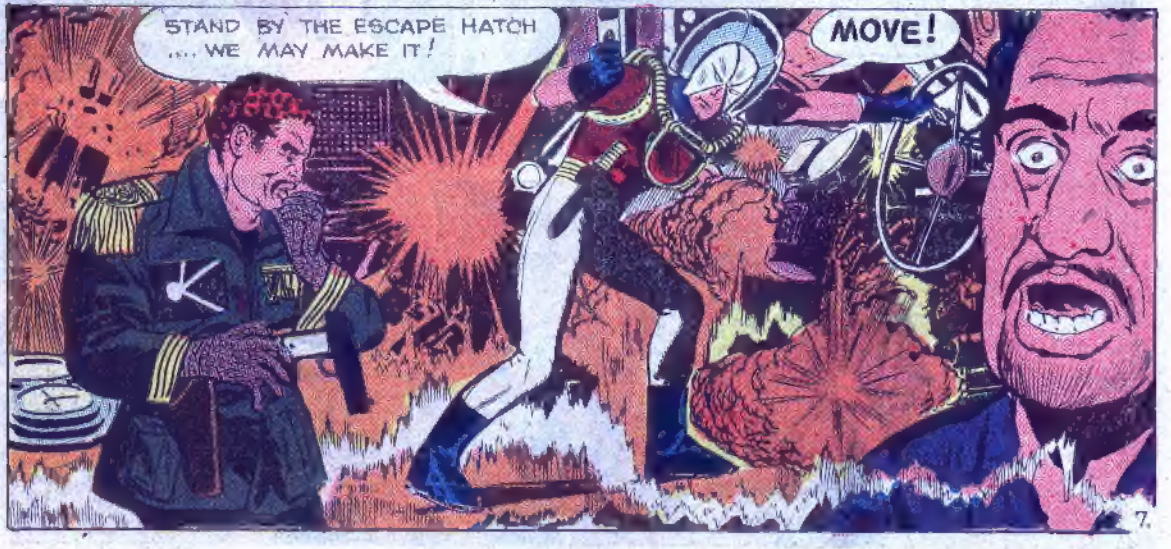
PLEASE EXPLAIN, COMMODORE...WHY YOU WISHED TO DESTROY THE TRAWLER A SHORT TIME AGO! WHY YOU SABOTAGE FISH NETS, INTERFERE IN FISHING ACTIVITIES AND SO ON!

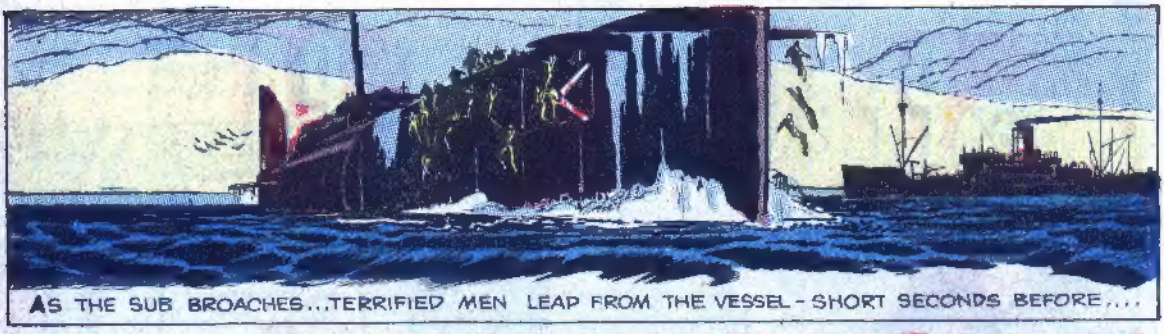
THE FISH ARE MINE! ALL OF THE WEALTH OF THE SEVEN SEAS WILL BE MINE! OTHER MEN HAVE INVADED THE DEPTHS TO WAGE WAR OR DESTROY! NOW, I PROTECT EVERYTHING BENEATH THE SURFACE..AND I WILL DESTROY ALL WHO TRESPASS!
THIS IS WHY YOU MUST DIE!

SUDDENLY, A BOLT FLIES FROM THE PEACEMAKER'S HELMET LASER! THE SUB'S CONTROL ROOM IS ROCKED BY SHATTERING ELECTRICAL EXPLOSIONS!

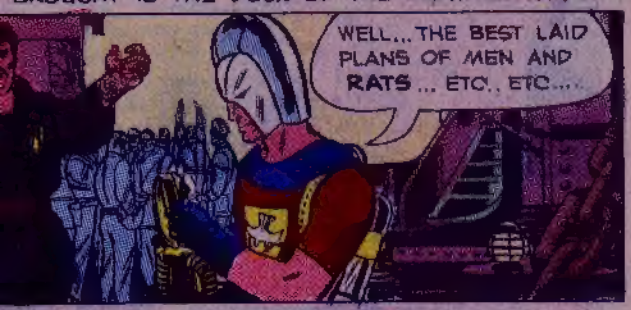


THE PEACEMAKER GAINS THE CONTROLS, AND FRANTICALLY FIGHTS TO SURFACE THE CRAFT!!

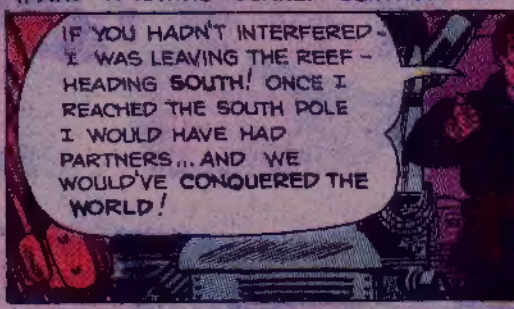


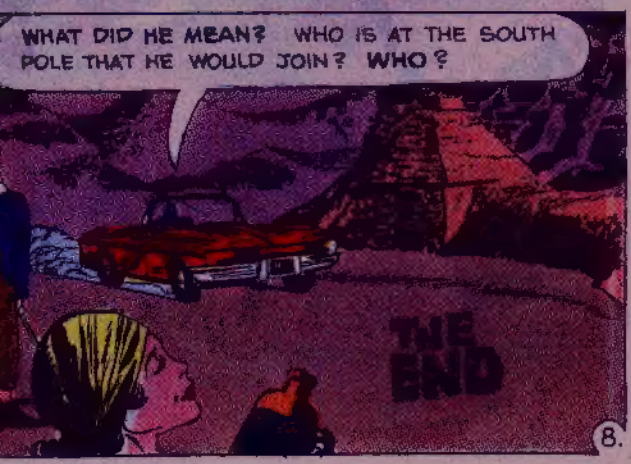


BROUGHT TO THE DECK OF THE TRAWLER...!



..AND A RAVING-SOAKED COMMODORE !


IF YOU HADN'T INTERFERED - I WAS LEAVING THE REEF - HEADING SOUTH! ONCE I REACHED THE SOUTH POLE I WOULD HAVE HAD PARTNERS... AND WE WOULD'VE CONQUERED THE WORLD!



DAYS LATER, PEACE ENVOY CHRISTOPHER SMITH IS BACK IN SWITZERLAND - HEADING FOR HIS CHATEAU ... AND MULLING OVER THE COMMODORE'S LAST WORDS!

PEACEMAKER PATTER

ADDRESS MAIL TO: PEACEMAKER PATTER, CHARLTON COMICS, DERBY, CONN. 06418

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Recently we began using THE PEACEMAKER as a companion story in the now defunct FIGHTIN' FIVE. Mail reaction to the Peacemaker and to Pat Boyette, its artist, was good, so when the decision was made to cease publication of the Fightin' Five we thought we'd just make a little switch...and here it is! The PEACEMAKER in his own book with a revamped version of the FIGHTIN' FIVE as a companion story.

Now the big question: How do you like it? In order to find out, we are now turning this page over to you... this is your Peacemaker letter page!! Starting next issue we will print the most interesting letters we receive (pro and con) along with our comments. This is the only way we can establish communications with the most important people in the world...our readers!

Write soon, write often...letters, post cards, telegrams, smoke signals...anything you like...but write. How else can we know how we're doing? Oh, yes, one more thing. If you can't find THE PEACEMAKER or any other of your CHARLTON favorites in your area, please let us know!

Thanks,
Dick Giordano,
Editor

MEET PAT BOYETTE

Pat Boyette, illustrator for 'THE PEACEMAKER', sold his first one-panel cartoon at the age of ten. How could this brilliant young man, with such a successful beginning, possibly fail to become one of our leading humorists? It was simple - he never sold another one. Numbed by the realization that he was a 'one joke' child, Pat turned to broadcasting, and for 26 weeks played the son of a radio family whose only topic of conversation was the merits of 'HOT-SPURS CHILE.' The impact was profound, and even today Pat feels that more families would enjoy the comfort of togetherness if they would spend just a little time discussing you-know-what.

About the time a crayola was able to fill in the gaps in Pat's first mustache, he became a Hillbilly disc-jockey, and with great enthusiasm, entered the world of geetars, postcards, and cowboy boots. Then came the opportunity to collaborate with Charlie Plumb (Ella Cinders) on a new western comic strip. So, out the window with the geetars and cowboy boots - the postcards, however, are still comin' in.

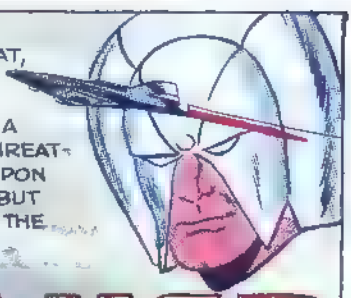
The western strip went well until Charlie decided to have the hero (Captain Flame) attacked by five thousand screaming redskins. Now, being of a mathematical turn, Pat calculated that allowing only three feathers per Indian - that would be fifteen thousand feathers, and drawing fifty feathers a day... forget it.

Sufficiently out-of-focus by now, Pat turned to television and news broadcasting. Somehow, he was able to pull himself from the turmoil of make-up, lights and the signing of at least four autographs, to write and direct three theatrical motion pictures. These were horror movies - designed to send chills up the spines of distributors and backers and to bring agonizing spasms of laughter from the audience at the dramatic climaxes. It was all very rewarding, and filled Pat with the warm awareness that perhaps he was more than a 'one joke' man after all.

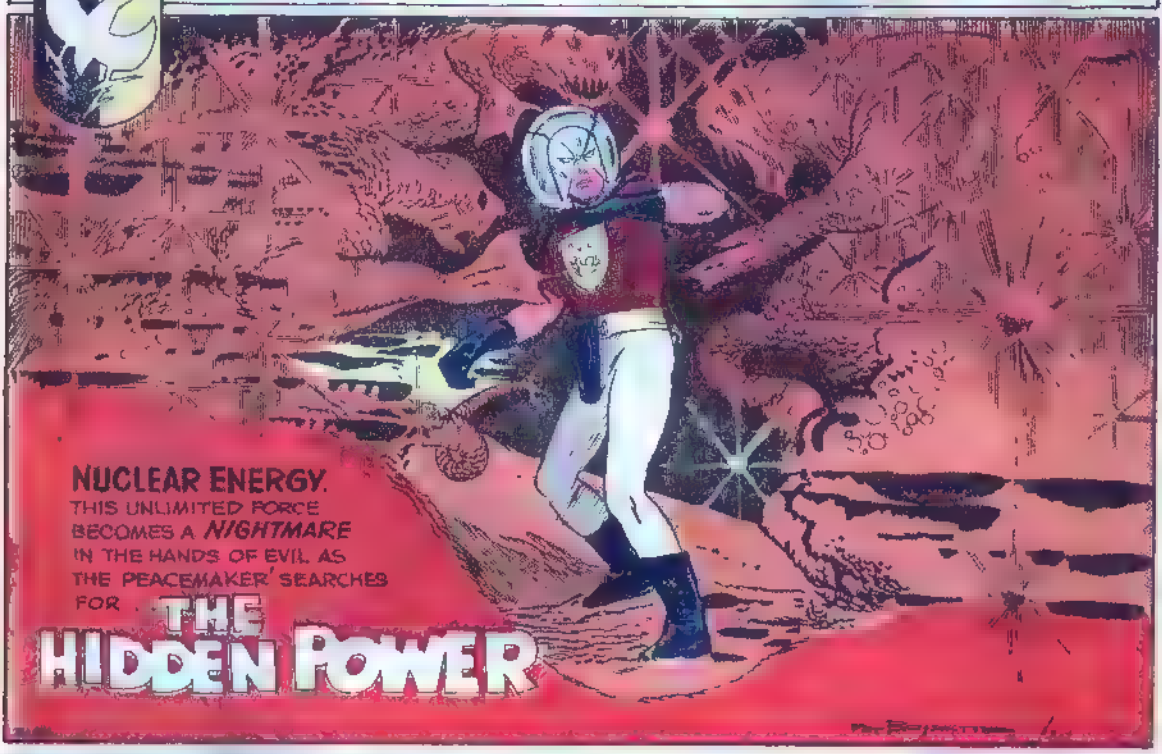
Today Pat lives in Texas - on the way to the LBJ ranch, depending on which way you're travelling. He spends his nights looking for his old movies on the late show, and his days drawing 'THE PEACEMAKER'. He does not expect his pleasure at the latter to wane unless Christopher Smith decides to take on five thousand screaming Sahara nomads - in which case, allowing two humps to each camel, that would be...

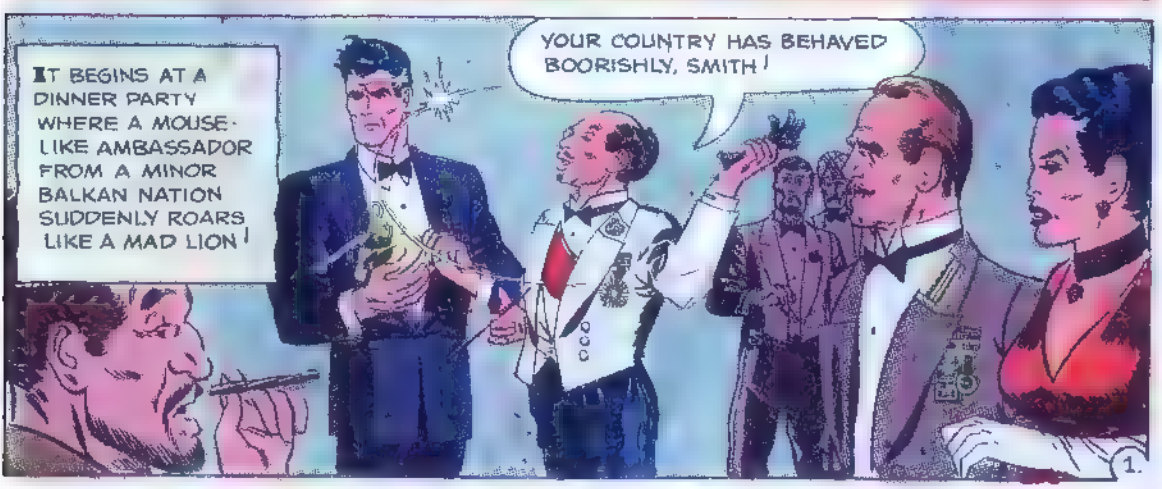
EDITOR'S NOTE:
Pat's age is not listed, but it is known that he was a very, very young soldier in the LAST DAYS of World War II.

THIS IS CHRISTOPHER SMITH, CAREER DIPLOMAT, INTELLECTUAL, AND A MAN WHO DESPISES VIOLENCE IN ANY FORM! YET, DESPITE HIS PEACE-LOVING CREED...THIS MAN CAN BECOME A HARSH, DEADLY ADVERSARY WHEN DANGER THREATENS MANKIND! HE IS MASTER OF EVERY WEAPON KNOWN TO MAN.. AND HE HAS INVENTED MANY.. BUT THESE POWERFUL AND SECRET ARMS ARE FOR THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF...



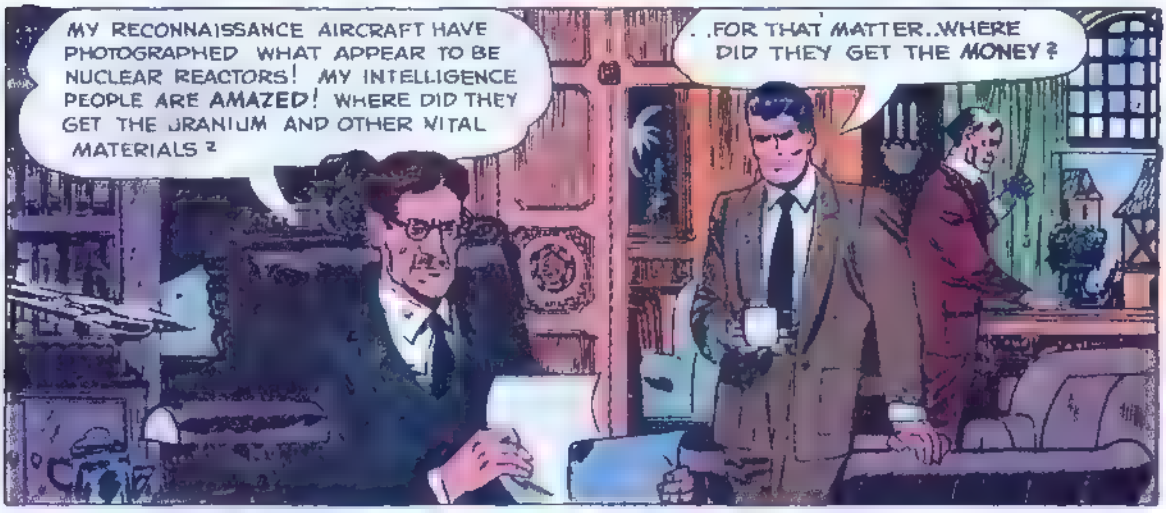
THE PEACEMAKER


NUCLEAR ENERGY.
THIS UNLIMITED FORCE BECOMES A NIGHTMARE IN THE HANDS OF EVIL AS THE PEACEMAKER SEARCHES FOR
THE HIDDEN POWER

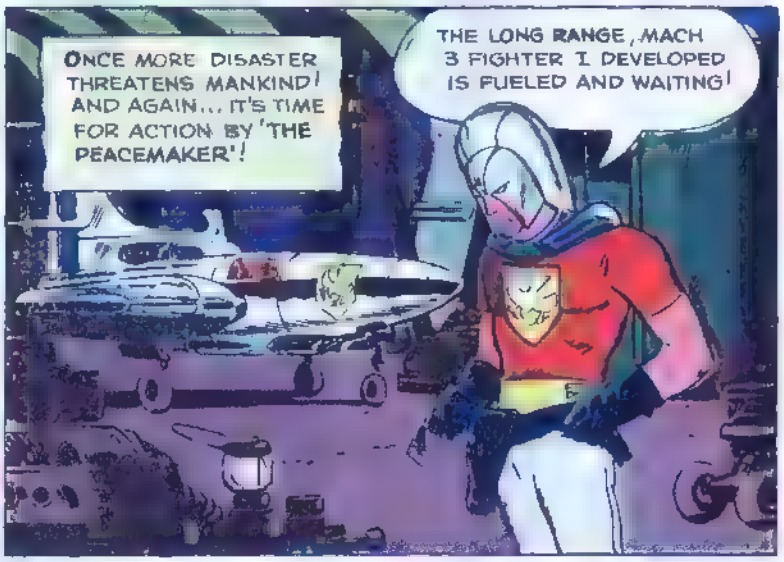

IT BEGINS AT A DINNER PARTY WHERE A MOUSE-LIKE AMBASSADOR FROM A MINOR BALKAN NATION SUDDENLY ROARS LIKE A MAD LION!
YOUR COUNTRY HAS BEHAVED BOORISHLY, SMITH!

THERE IS SILENCE - DIPLOMATS PONDER THIS WEIRD INSULT - WHAT DOES IT MEAN? CHRISTOPHER SMITH DISMISSES PETTY ANGER AND INJURED PRIDE. THESE CANNOT BE FACTORS IN THE FATES OF NATIONS...
IF COMRADE FEDORNICH WOULD ELABORATE!
I HAVE SAID ENOUGH! THE CONTEMPT HAS BEEN EXPRESSED!
IF YOUR NATION RESENTS THESE SLURS..YOU ARE FREE TO TAKE WHATEVER RETALIATORY STEPS YOU CHOOSE! BE WARNED, HOWEVER...
.. AT THE FIRST SIGN OF ANY SUCH MOVES... YOU WILL ALL DIE..!!
ACROSS THE WORLD...THERE IS WONDER! WHY DID FEDORNICH STRIKE THE U.S. PEACE ENVOY? HIS NATION HAS NO GREAT FLEETS OF BOMBERS..OR HAS IT? NO NUCLEAR BOMBS ARE STORED INSIDE ITS BORDERS! WHAT IS HAPPENING? . IS ASKED IN MANY TONGUES!!

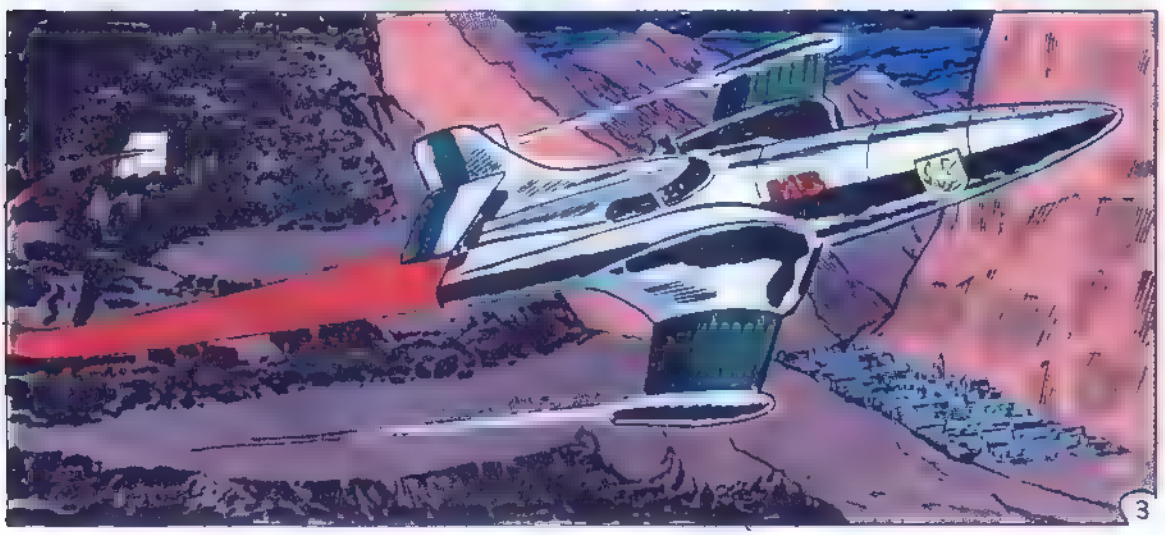
A REPORT HAS ALREADY BEEN RELAYED TO WASHINGTON, D.C... NOW BRIG GEN. LYONS, U.S.A.F. .. AND CHRISTOPHER SMITH DISCUSS THIS PERPLEXING AND MYSTERIOUS SITUATION...!


MY RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT HAVE PHOTOGRAPHED WHAT APPEAR TO BE NUCLEAR REACTORS! MY INTELLIGENCE PEOPLE ARE AMAZED! WHERE DID THEY GET THE URANIUM AND OTHER VITAL MATERIALS?
..FOR THAT MATTER..WHERE DID THEY GET THE MONEY?

THIS IS ONE OF THOSE BALKAN NATIONS THAT'S BEEN BULLIED BY RUSSIA-ORDERED AROUND BY NATO AND EVERYONE ELSE! IF THEY GET HOLD OF SOME NUCLEAR WEAPONS .

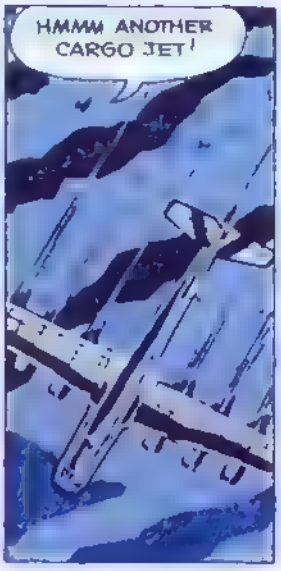

ONCE MORE DISASTER THREATENS MANKIND! AND AGAIN... IT'S TIME FOR ACTION BY 'THE PEACEMAKER'!
THE LONG RANGE, MACH 3 FIGHTER I DEVELOPED IS FUELED AND WAITING!

SILENTLY, THE CAMOUFLAGED DOORS IN THE CLIFFS BELOW CHRISTOPHER SMITH'S VILLA OPEN . AND THE DEADLY MACH 3 FIGHTER APPEARS LIKE A LIGHTNING FLASH AGAINST THE ALPS!!



AS 'THE PEACEMAKER' FLIES ABOVE THE BALKAN NATION WHERE TROUBLE IS BEING BORN, HE SEES A GIANT JET CARGO PLANE - FLYING NORTH THE THICK PLUMES OF EXHAUST INDICATE IT IS HEAVY LADEN...

I LOCATED THE MISSILE COMPLEX ..AND WITH INFRA-RED FILTERS I SAW THE NEW BOMBER BASES! THAT'S WHY THEY'VE GOT THE NERVE TO INSULT MY COUNTRY!

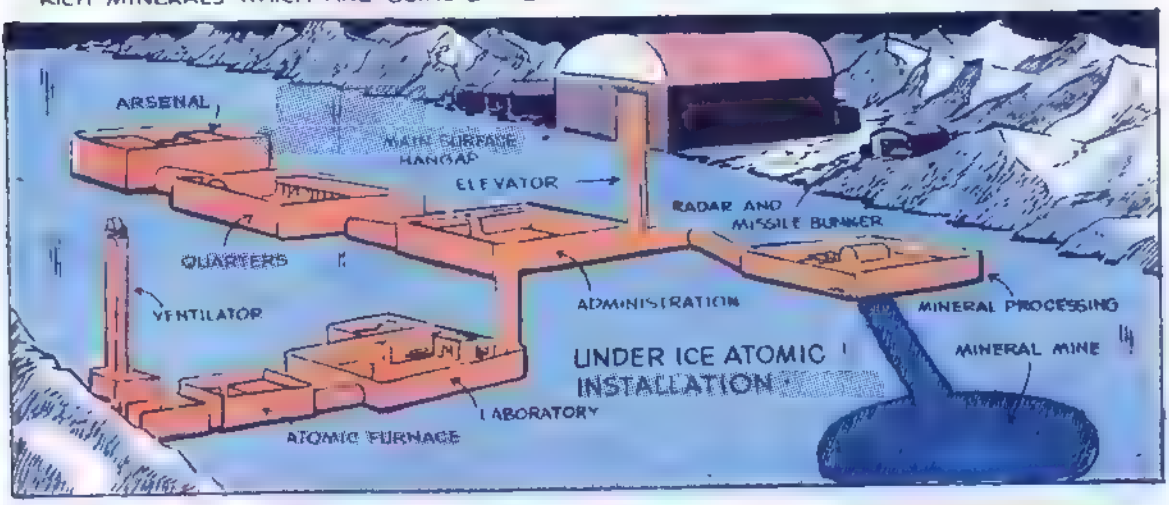


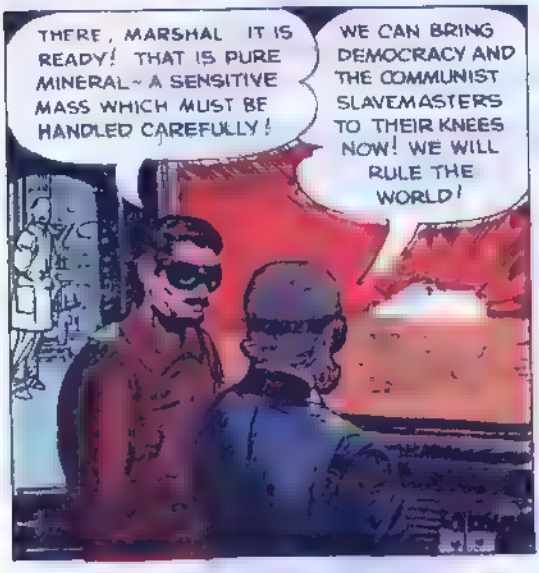
THIS IS FLYING ON A COURSE OF 179° TRUE ..THE LOADED JET WAS FLYING 359°. SO THIS EMPTY AIRCRAFT IS FLYING TO LOAD UP WITH THE SAME CARGO WHICH WAS ABOARD THE NORTH BOUND PLANE!

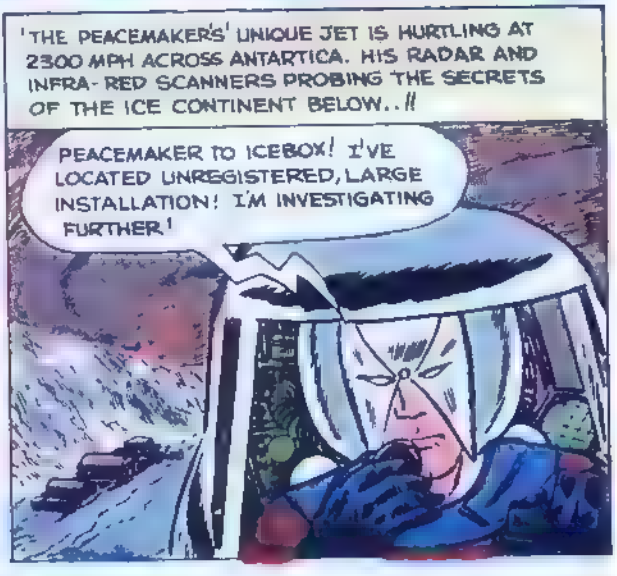
THIS IS A CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET HERE, A THREE MAN TEAM OF SCIENTISTS SENT TO ANTARCTICA BY THEIR COUNTRY (SUPPOSEDLY TO STUDY WEATHER AND WILDLIFE) HAVE FOUND WHAT THEY SOUGHT. UNBELIEVABLE MINERAL WEALTH, INCLUDING ALMOST PURE URANIUM.. WHICH IN TODAY'S NUCLEAR WORLD MEANS.... ***POWER!***

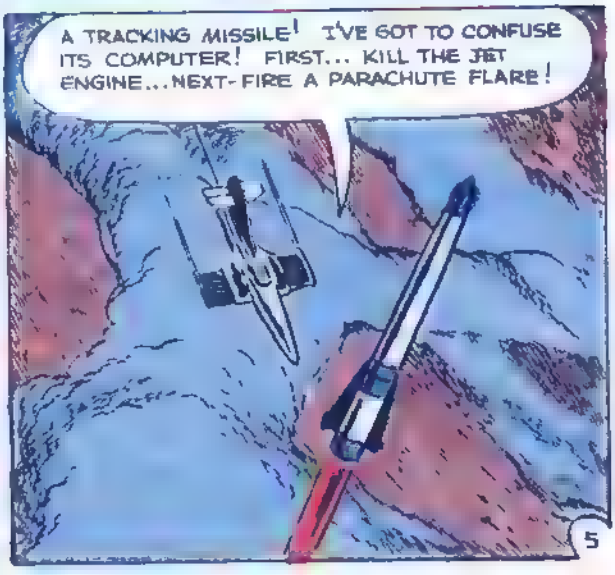
THE REACTORS ARE NOW PRODUCING ENERGY IN OUR UNDERGROUND CAVERNS COMRADE MARSHAL
IN TWENTY FOUR HOURS, WE WILL HAVE A BOMB THAT WEIGHS LESS THAN A HUNDRED POUNDS BUT CAN WIPE OUT A CONTINENT!

THE ICE AT THE SOUTH POLE IS 8,500 FEET THICK IN PLACES..WHILE HERE AT THE BALKAN NATION'S SECRET CITY IN THE ICE - IT IS LESS THAN 1,000 FEET DOWN TO THE INCREDIBLY RICH MINERALS WHICH ARE BEING UTILIZED TO CREATE A NEW WORLD AGGRESSOR..!!

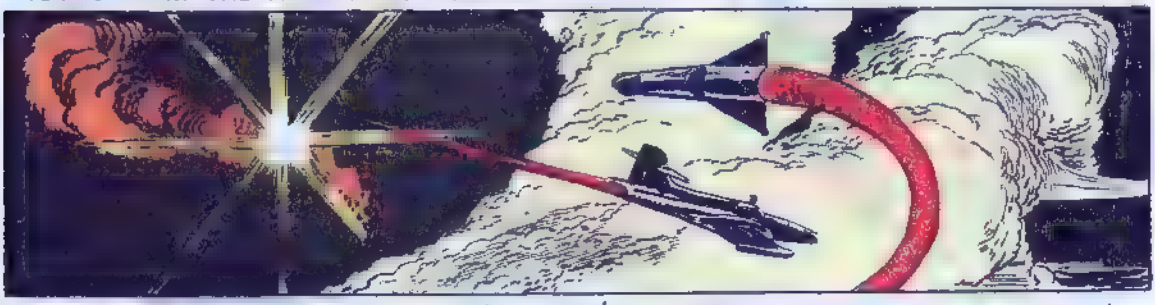



THERE, MARSHAL IT IS READY! THAT IS PURE MINERAL - A SENSITIVE MASS WHICH MUST BE HANDLED CAREFULLY!
WE CAN BRING DEMOCRACY AND THE COMMUNIST SLAVEMASTERS TO THEIR KNEES NOW! WE WILL RULE THE WORLD!

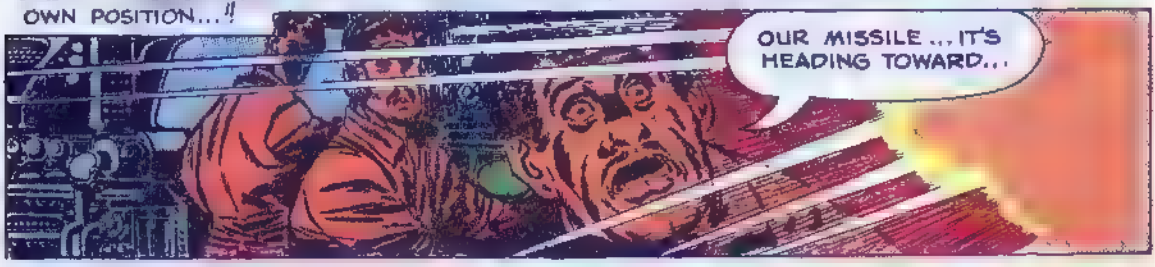

'THE PEACEMAKER'S' UNIQUE JET IS HURTLING AT 2300 MPH ACROSS ANTARTICA. HIS RADAR AND INFRA-RED SCANNERS PROBING THE SECRETS OF THE ICE CONTINENT BELOW..!!
PEACEMAKER TO ICEBOX! I'VE LOCATED UNREGISTERED, LARGE INSTALLATION! I'M INVESTIGATING FURTHER!

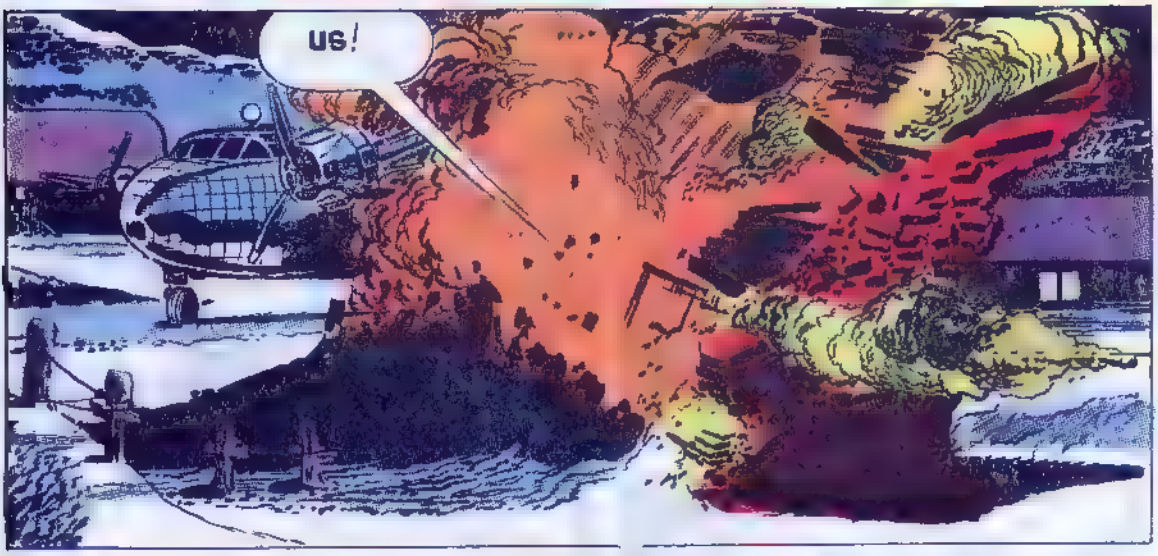


THE SENSITIVE INSTRUMENTS IN THE MISSILE SEEK THE HEAT OF A JET'S EXHAUST, BUT 'THE PEACEMAKER' HAS SWITCHED OFF HIS POWER... NOW THE ONLY HEAT IN THIS COLD PLACE COMES FROM THE PARACHUTE FLARE!

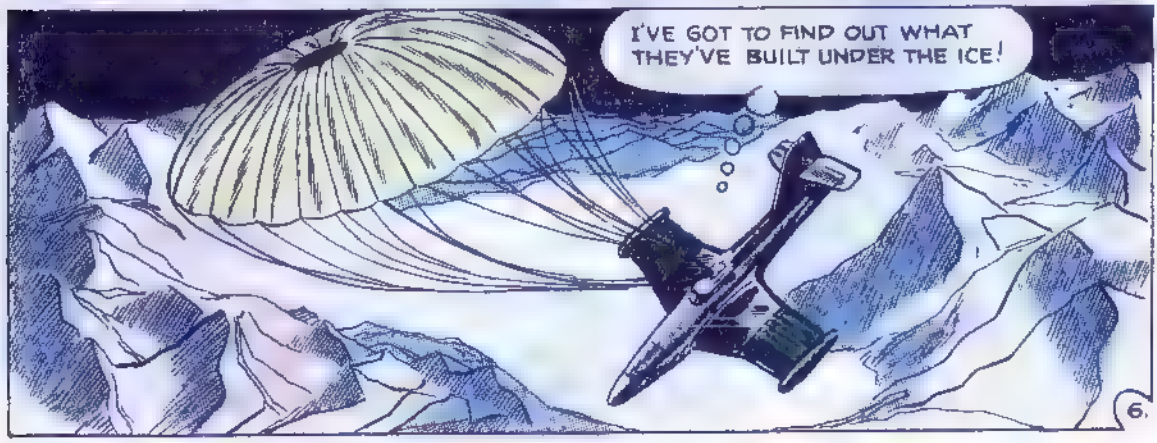


THEN A TWIST OF FATE! AS THE MISSILE 'LOCKS-IN', THE FLARE DROPS TOWARD THE ATTACKER'S OWN POSITION...!!



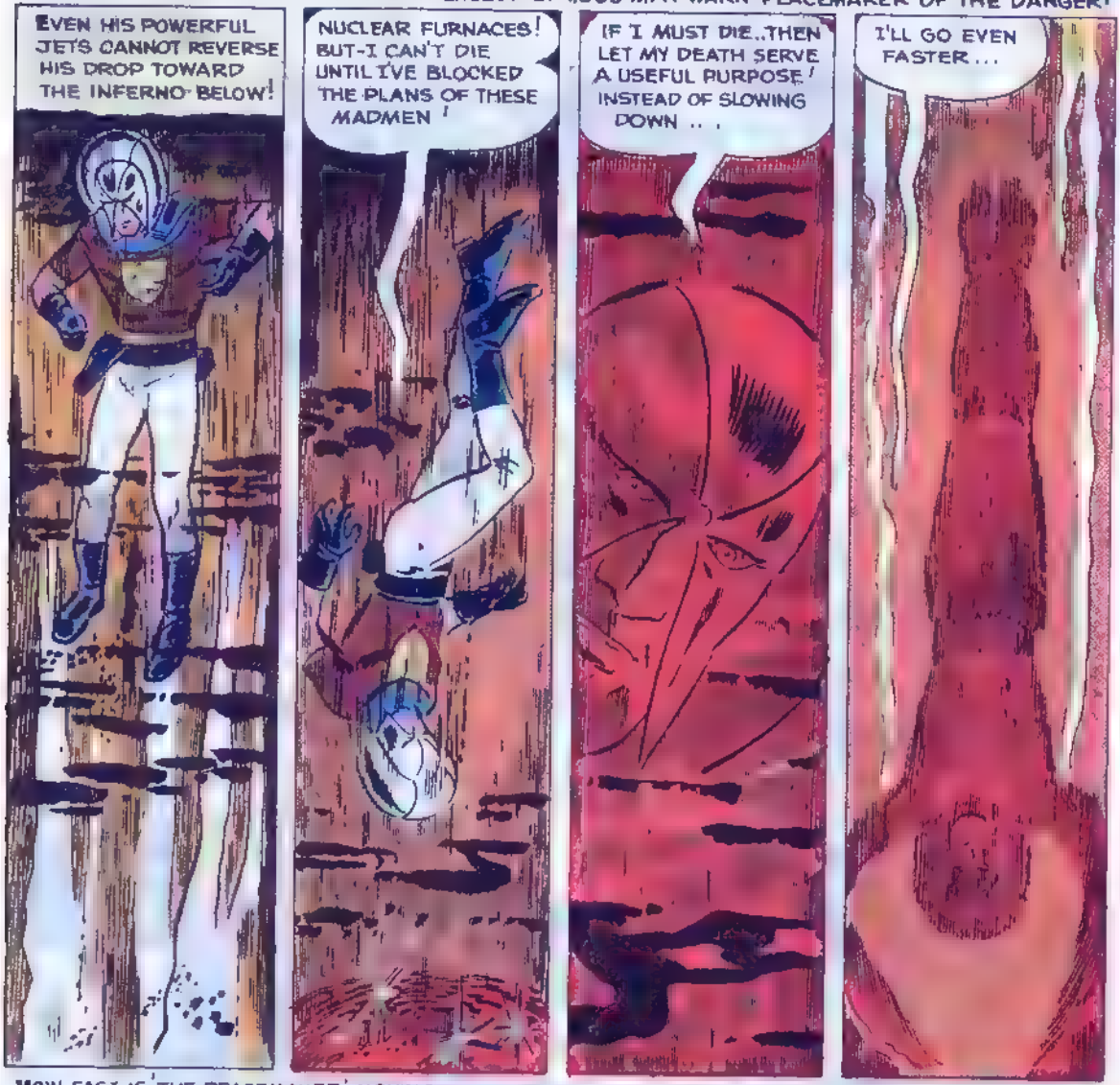


MEANWHILE, 'THE PEACEMAKER'S' JET, WITHOUT POWER IS NOT GOING TO CRASH! A HUGE PARACHUTE OF HIS OWN DESIGN FLOATS THE TOUGH AIRCRAFT TO THE FROZEN EARTH!

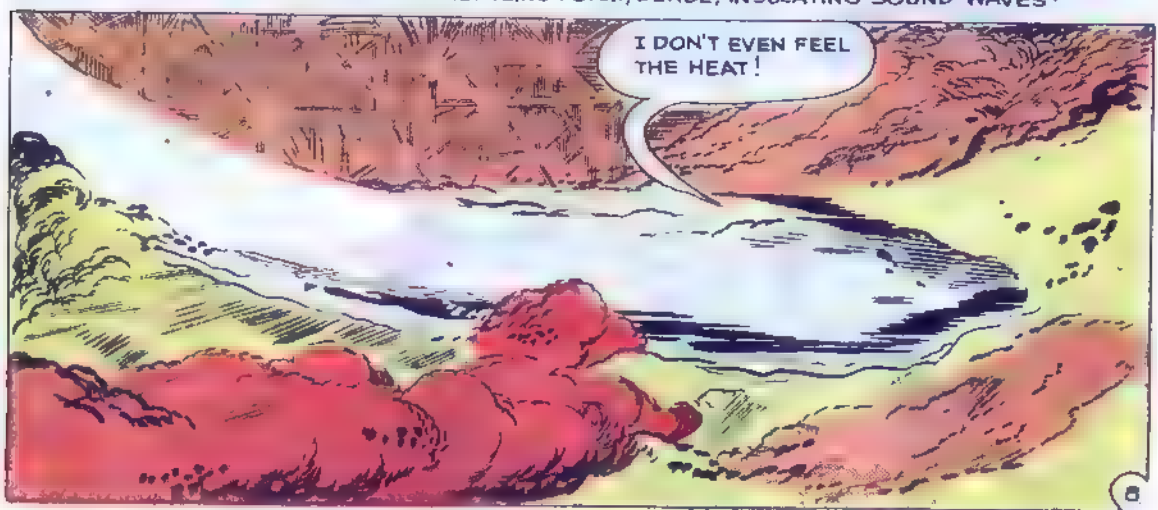


I'LL COME BACK FOR THE PLANE LATER .. NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO PENETRATE THEIR DEFENSES!
BUT - THE ALARM HAS SOUNDED, AND THE GUNS ARE MANNED!
SEND A PATROL TO FIND THIS INTRUDER!
YES, COMRADE MARSHAL!
THE BATTLE IS ON ... AND THE PATROL IS MET BY A SUDDEN AND PARALYZING SURPRISE !!
NERVE GAS..QUICKER THAN BULLETS..AND NOT AS FATAL!
... OBVIOUSLY - I CAN'T LAUNCH A FRONTAL ATTACK AGAINST THOSE ODDS.. WAIT..
.. A VENTILATION DUCT! IT MUST LEAD TO THE UNDERGROUND AREA!
THIS SHAFT IS AT LEAST 700 FEET DEEP! I HEAR THE THROB OF MACHINERY! I MUST DISCOVER WHAT THEY'VE GOT DOWN HERE!
ELECTRIC EYES INDICATE UNAUTHORIZED MAN IN MAIN VENTILATION DUCT! HE'S HURTLING DOWNWARD AND IS AT THE 600 FOOT LEVEL!
TURN ON THE JET FANS... FEED THE AIR FROM THAT DUCT TO THE NUCLEAR FURNACES! HE'LL BE INCINERATED IN A SPLIT SECOND!

THE BANSHEE SCREAMS OF WINDS IN EXCESS OF 1,000 MPH WARN PEACEMAKER OF THE DANGER!


EVEN HIS POWERFUL JETS CANNOT REVERSE HIS DROP TOWARD THE INFERNO BELOW!
NUCLEAR FURNACES! BUT-I CAN'T DIE UNTIL I'VE BLOCKED THE PLANS OF THESE MADMEN!
IF I MUST DIE..THEN LET MY DEATH SERVE A USEFUL PURPOSE! INSTEAD OF SLOWING DOWN . . .
I'LL GO EVEN FASTER . . .

HOW FAST IS THE PEACEMAKER MOVING AS HE ENTERS THE FIERY MAW OF THE FIERCEST HEAT EVER GENERATED BY MAN? HE DOESN'T KNOW - BUT HE'S BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER ...SOUND WAVES FORM AROUND HIS HURTLING FORM, DENSE, INSULATING SOUND-WAVES!



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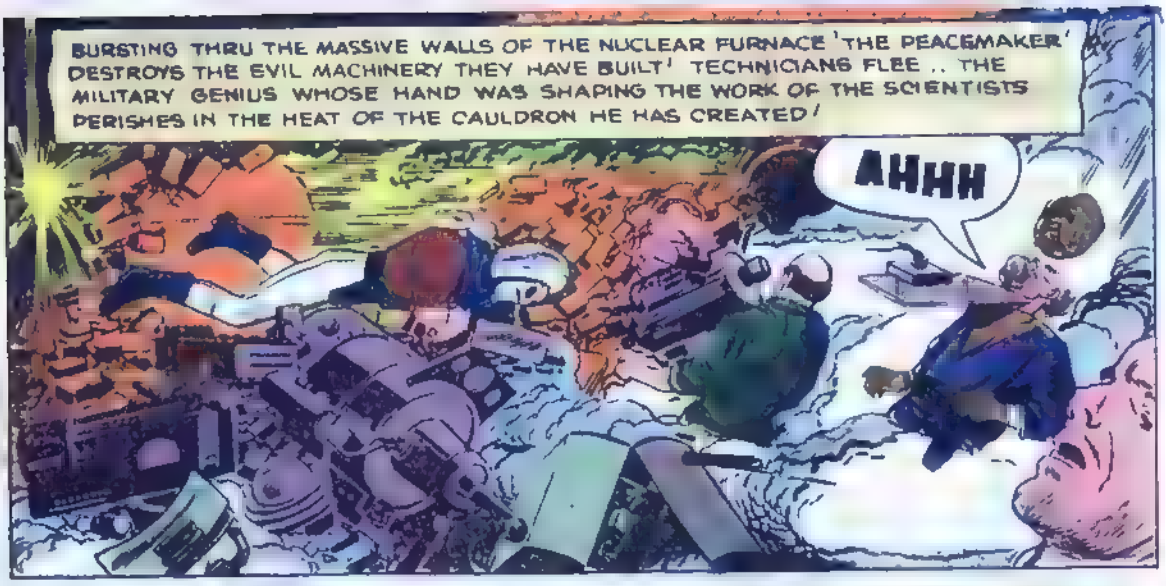
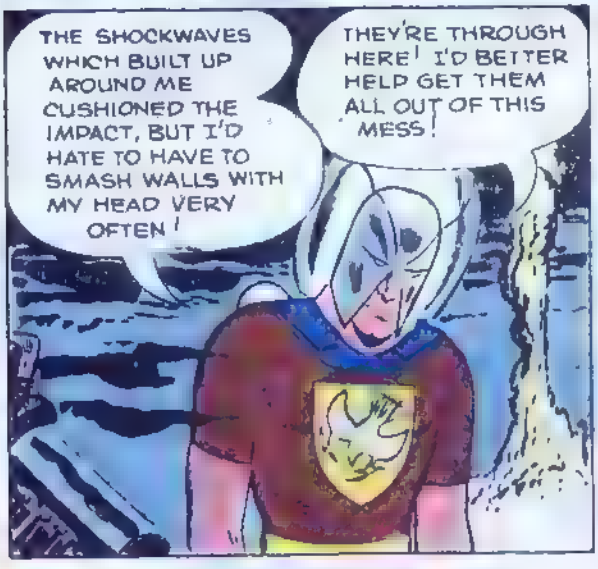
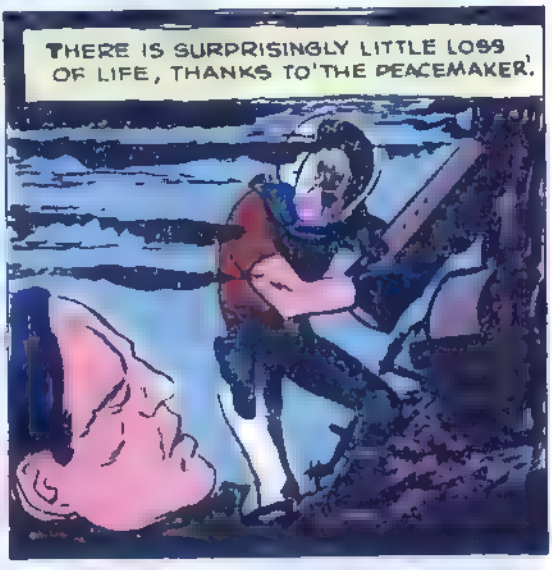
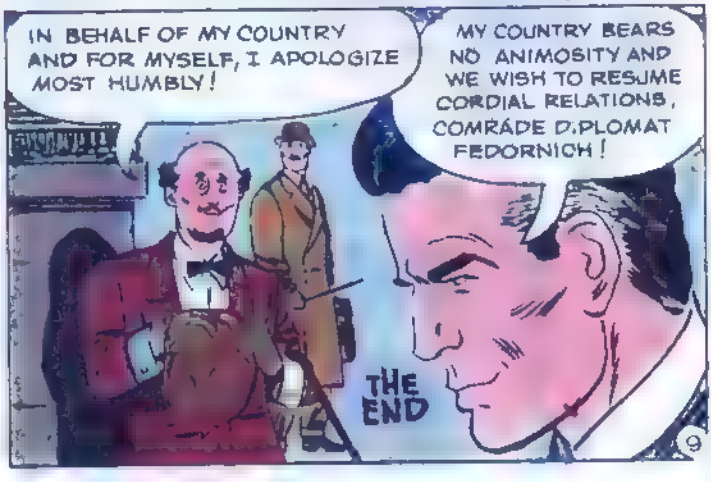

BURSTING THRU THE MASSIVE WALLS OF THE NUCLEAR FURNACE 'THE PEACEMAKER' DESTROYS THE EVIL MACHINERY THEY HAVE BUILT! TECHNICIANS FLEE .. THE MILITARY GENIUS WHOSE HAND WAS SHAPING THE WORK OF THE SCIENTISTS PERISHES IN THE HEAT OF THE CAULDRON HE HAS CREATED!
AHHH


THE SHOCKWAVES WHICH BUILT UP AROUND ME CUSHIONED THE IMPACT, BUT I'D HATE TO HAVE TO SMASH WALLS WITH MY HEAD VERY OFTEN!
THEY'RE THROUGH HERE! I'D BETTER HELP GET THEM ALL OUT OF THIS MESS!



TYPICALLY, CHRISTOPHER SMITH DOES NOT PUBLICLY HUMILIATE COMRADE DIPLOMAT FEDORNICH AFTER THAT GENTLEMAN LEARNS THAT HIS NATION'S SECRET INSTALLATION HAS BEEN DESTROYED!


IN BEHALF OF MY COUNTRY AND FOR MYSELF, I APOLOGIZE MOST HUMBLY!
MY COUNTRY BEARS NO ANIMOSITY AND WE WISH TO RESUME CORDIAL RELATIONS, COMRADE DIPLOMAT FEDORNICH!
THE END

RULER OF DARKNESS

HE IS LEONTID JROZVA...A COMMUNIST WHO FOUGHT HIS WAY TO THE TOP IN THE VICIOUS WORLD BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN! HE IS DICTATOR OF A SMALLER BALKAN NATION... A HATER OF MOSCOW BECAUSE RUSSIA HAS NOT ATTACKED THE FREE WORLD! HE DREAMS OF THE DAY WHEN THE WORLD IS DESTROYED...AND ONLY HE AND HIS FEW FOLLOWERS ARE LEFT ALIVE! HANK HENNESSEY HAS GOTTEN WORD OF THE DANGER JROZVA PRESENTS TO ALL MANKIND... HE CAME HERE TO INVESTIGATE... AND A SECURITY AGENT OF COMMUNISM, A WOMAN NAMED SONYA, HAS BROUGHT HIM TO THE DICTATOR...

I ONLY SPARED HIM SO THAT YOU MIGHT QUESTION HIM, COMRADE JROZVA.

YOU ARE *HENNESSEY*, THE LEADER OF THE THUGS WHO CALL THEMSELVES BY THE IMMATURE NAME OF THE *FIGHTIN' 5*! YOU HAVE INTERFERED WITH MY PLANS IN THE PAST...BUT YOU CANNOT STOP ME NOW!

YOU MAY MURDER MILLIONS, JROZVA ...BUT YOU WILL STILL CERTAINLY DIE WITH THEM!

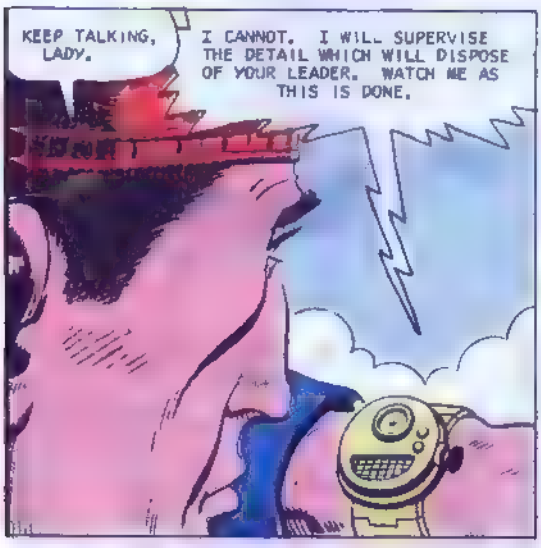
5

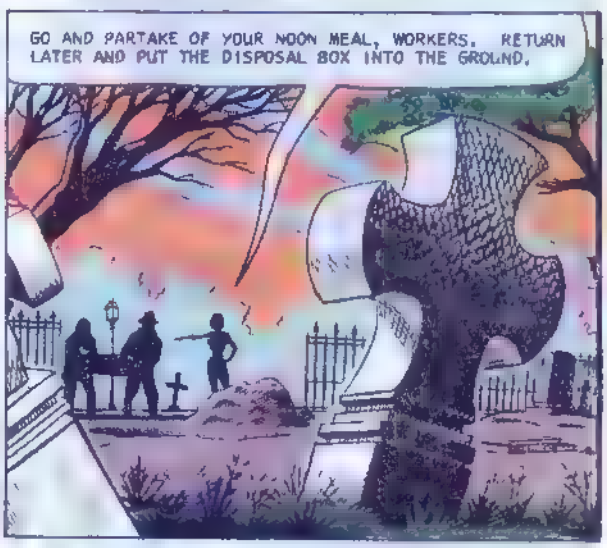
Montes • Bache

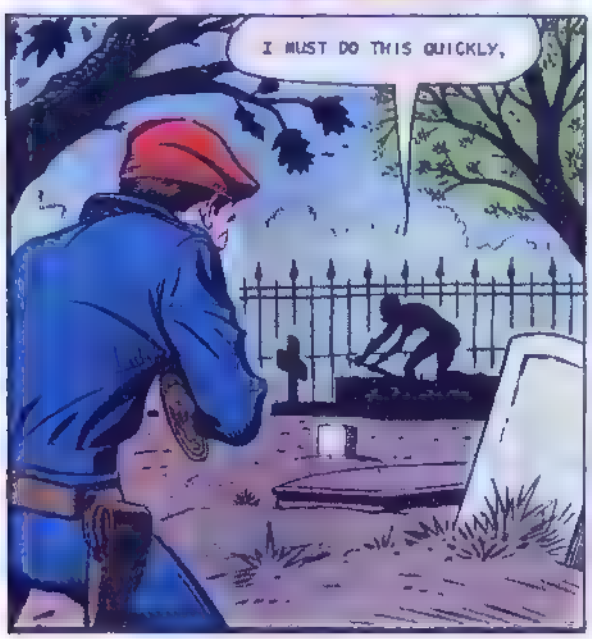
MY FORMER ALLIES IN MOSCOW PRESENTED ME WITH THE MOST SOPHISTICATED WEAPONS SYSTEMS! THEY ERECTED ELABORATE RADAR NETWORKS, TRAINED MY PILOTS, THEN EQUIPPED THEM WITH SUPERSONIC AIRCRAFT! BY RUTHLESSLY UTILIZING ALL OF THIS EQUIPMENT, I AM CERTAIN I CAN RULE THE WORLD!
WHAT WORLD? THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT IF YOU GO THROUGH WITH IT!
I'VE GOT A SECRET CAVERN 2000 FEET BENEATH OUR FEET... EQUIPPED WITH FOOD AND ALL NECESSITIES. I SHALL NOT EMERGE UNTIL A YEAR HAS GONE BY... AND THE REST OF THE WORLD HAS PERISHED.
NOW... YOU HAVE SEEN WHAT THE WORLD WILL LOOK LIKE AFTER I PUSH THE BUTTON...YOU HAVE SEEN TOO MUCH. DESTROY HIM, SONYA. NOW!
DA, COMRADE JROZVA.
YOU WON'T DO IT. NO WOMAN AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOU CAN...
MANY HAVE BEEN DECEIVED BY MY OUTWARD BEAUTY, FOOL.
DIE.
YOU ARE MOST EFFICIENT, WOMAN. HAVE HIS BODY CARRIED TO THE DISPOSAL PITS.
CALLING FF2 FOR FF4. FF2 FOR FF4, COME IN PLEASE.

FF2, YOU ARE NEARBY. COME IN PLEASE.
SHE KILLED HANK...NOW SHE'S TRYING TO BETRAY MY POSITION TOO! SHE'S GOOD AT HER JOB...

"FF2, IT WILL NOT HELP TO KILL ME NOW. HENNESSEY NEEDS ME."


KEEP TALKING, LADY.
I CANNOT. I WILL SUPERVISE THE DETAIL WHICH WILL DISPOSE OF YOUR LEADER. WATCH ME AS THIS IS DONE.


GO AND PARTAKE OF YOUR NOON MEAL, WORKERS. RETURN LATER AND PUT THE DISPOSAL BOX INTO THE GROUND.


I MUST DO THIS QUICKLY.

HANK! I THOUGHT SHE...
IT HURT...BUT IT WAS A PAPER WAD, NOT A BULLET! SHE SAVED MY LIFE, IRV.

WE'VE GOT TO TAKE HER OUT WITH US, IRV. SHE COMPROMISED HERSELF WHEN SHE DIDN'T KILL ME!
THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE THE PICK-UP ON SCHEDULE, HANK.
THIS IS FF4 TO FF2. PRENCHY, MAKE IT QUICK. AND WE'VE GOT AN EXTRA PASSANGER TO TAKE OUT WITH US.
I HOPE WE CAN LIFT OFF WITH THAT LOAD, HANK. HERE I COME...
GET HER ABOARD, IRV! THIS MIG WILL MAKE ONE PASS AND ON THE SECOND RUN HE'LL CLOBBER US!
HANK HENNESSEY'S WEAPON...RIDICULOUSLY LITTLE FOR THE JOB...DIDN'T MAKE MUCH NOISE. A DART-LIKE ROCKET SPAT FROM THE MUZZLE.
FFFWWTT

OKAY, FRENCHIE...LIFT US OUT OF HERE!
THE COMMUNIST GLIMPSES THE TINY ROCKET... BANKS AND TURNS...BUT IT TURNS WITH HIM! AND IT'S COMING FASTER...AND FASTER...
...AND
WHAMMO
SONYA AND IRV ARE IN THE EMPTY BOMB PAD, HANK. WHAT ARE THE PLANS?
WE'VE GOT TO STOP LEONTID JROZVA, FRENCHY!
HE'S GOING TO INCINERATE THE WORLD...AND RULE WHAT'S LEFT!
HENNESSEY
5

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

IN BERLIN, THE FIGHTIN' 5 ARE REUNITED. HANK HENNESSEY BRIEFS HIS COMRADES, EXPLAINING TO GRANITE AND TOM-TOM HOW THE GIRL HAD HELPED HIM ESCAPE JROZVA'S SENTENCE OF DEATH.
THAT DISH IS A COMMIE SECURITY AGENT? PRETTIEST FLATFOOT I EVER SAW!
LET'S GET SERIOUS. HOW ARE WE GOING TO STOP JROZVA'S PLAN?
HENNESSEY, I HAVE AN IDEA. I SUGGEST YOU INFORM YOUR GOVERNMENT OF THE MADMAN'S INTENTIONS. I WILL RELAY THE SAME INFORMATION TO MOSCOW. THEN, WE WILL IMMEDIATELY RETURN TO JROZVA'S COMMUNICATIONS COMPLEX...
...AND NEUTRALIZE HIS MISSILES! ON THIS ONE OCCASION, I BELIEVE WE SHOULD WORK TOGETHER, AGREED?
AGREED, SONYA. LET'S GO, MEN!
HENNESSEY IDENTIFIES HIMSELF AND A BRIGADIER GENERAL HOTLINES WASHINGTON. UPON ORDERS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE, HE PUTS A PHONE AT SONYA'S DISPOSAL AND LISTENS TO HANK'S ORDERS...
...AND WE SIX WILL PARACHUTE INTO THE AREA.
I HAVE NO CHOICE, HENNESSEY. I WILL PROVIDE WHATEVER YOU NEED!
US

IN A HIGH-ALTITUDE SPECIAL RECONNAISSANCE JET, THE SIX ARE FLOWN HIGH OVER THE IRON CURTAIN!
SONYA KNOWS THE AREA. WE WILL FOLLOW HER.
IT'S A PLEASURE, SONYA.
TRY NOT TO DISPERSE. IRV, YOU'RE TOO FAR AWAY... PLANE IN TOWARD US! SONYA YOU'RE TUMBLING! STRAIGHTEN OUT, PLEASE.
THERE'S THE OBJECTIVE! ONE LAST WARNING! IF ANY FALL ON US, THE OTHERS ARE GOING TO GO ON AND ACCOMPLISH THE MISSION!
DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN, THE DICTATOR, JROZVA, IS ABOUT TO DESTROY THE WORLD...AND FLAMES OF JOY FLICKER IN HIS EYES!
ARM THE MISSILES.
THEY ARE OPEN, LEADER.
THEY ARE ARMED, LEADER.
FIRE ALL WEAPONS!
OPEN THE STEEL DOORS.
7

IRV THE NERVE HAGANAH AND HANK HENNESSEY ARE 100 YARDS FROM THE CONTROL ROOM... TOO FAR TO STOP THE MASS MURDER OF MEGAMILLIONS! IRV THE NERVE SPOTS THE COMMUNICATION GRID...

HIS MASTER COMMUNICATIONS CIRCUIT, HANK! PROBABLY HAS 100,000 VOLTS ON IT...I'M GAME!

WE'LL CUT THE WIRES, IRV!

IRV THE NERVE HAGANAH DIES INSTANTLY...THE ELECTRICAL IMPULSES WHICH MEANT DEATH TO BILLIONS MEANS DEATH INSTEAD TO THE ISRAELI FIGHTER!

ZZHAAP

THE RED SECURITY AGENT, SONYA, TOUCHES THE BUTTON ...WHICH BRINGS THE MOUNTAIN DOWN ON THE HEAD OF THE MAD GENIUS WHO HAD CREATED THE DARK WORLD AROUND HIM!

HERE IS THE SWITCH JROZVA INSTALLED TO DESTROY THE INSTALLATION!

BARROOM

THIS GALLANT LITTLE BAND SAVED THE WORLD...BUT AT AN AWFUL PRICE! IRV THE NERVE IS DEAD...HANK HENNESSEY'S RIGHT ARM IS TERRIBLY INJURED...AND NONE OF THEM KNOW IF HE WILL EVER SEE AGAIN! YET, NOT ONE OF THEM REGRETS DOING WHAT HAD TO BE DONE!

END